

## Convertible Acrostics

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The following poems illustrate a novel prosodic concept. The first set—composed by J. A. Lindon—is a pair of poems which are mutually convertible, both with respect to their rhyme-schemes and with respect to the acrostical initial letters of their lines, and which are also written entirely in monosyllables. The second set—composed by Walter Shedlofsky—is a set of three—not an *acro-duplex*, but an *acro-triple*. The members of this triad of poems are all mutually convertible, both acrostically and rhyme-schematically.

*Cats, Cats, Cats, Cats!*

Cats come with mews,  
All have sharp claws,  
They air their views,  
Stray soon from laws,  
Climb wall. Each tom  
And each mog—grand  
Thieves—munch meal from  
Scamp's lunch. Scamp planned. . .

Chain off, he might  
Aim at a rout,  
Touch mogs and bite  
Such prime bits out!  
Chance came. Grey dawn.  
At once left mat.  
The deuce! On lawn—  
Scamp loose—no cat!

*Chase 'em, Scamp, Go On!*

Cats come with mews, all  
Have sharp claws, they  
Air their views, stray  
Soon from laws, climb wall.

Each tom and  
 Each mog—grand thieves—munch  
 Meal from Scamp's lunch.  
 Scamp planned. . .

Chain off, he might aim  
 At a rout, touch  
 Mogs and bite such  
 Prime bits out. Chance came.

Grey dawn. At  
 Once left mat. The deuce!  
 On lawn—Scamp loose—  
 No cat!

—J. A. Lindon

(In England cats, especially she-cats, are sometimes colloquially referred to as mogs or moggies.)

### ACRO-TRIPLE

#### *Sad Mad Poem*

Success-starved bard indites odd ode. Art-white, love-torn  
 Agent sees light, new verse exploits, yeasts campaign slick.  
 Daily ads, size of quoits, glare, bode, admit sex thrills

Move and excite, lure the naive with sin and trick.  
 All snowed, admire, extol, explode. Tart lines, reborn,  
 Deemed fresh, not trite, overwhelm truth forlorn. Each quick

Phrase of praise becomes golden lode. Poet now swills  
 Old wine while tight optic ogles some damsel chic.  
 Excluded flame, enraged by toad, suffers slight's chills,  
 Mourns fame tonight, yearns for days when he was poor hick.

#### *Sly Glade Poet*

Success-starved bard indites odd ode. Art-white,  
 Love-torn agent sees light, new verse exploits,  
 Yeasts campaign slick. Daily ads, size of quoits,

Glare, bode, admit sex thrills move and excite,  
 Lure the naive with sin and trick. All snowed,  
 Admire, extol, explode. Tart lines, reborn,  
 Deemed fresh, not trite, overwhelm truth forlorn.  
 Each quick phrase of praise becomes golden lode.

Poet now swills old wine while tight optic  
 Ogles some damsel chic. Excluded flame,  
 Enraged by toad, suffers slight's chills, mourns fame  
 Tonight, yearns for days when he was poor hick.

*Sandal Atop Poesy*

Success-starved bard indites odd ode.  
 Art-white, love-torn agent sees light,  
 New verse exploits, yeasts campaign slick.  
 Daily ads, size of quoits, glare, bode,  
 Admit sex thrills move and excite,  
 Lure the naive with sin and trick.

All snowed, admire, extol, explode.  
 Tart lines, reborn, deemed fresh, not trite,  
 Overwhelm truth forlorn. Each quick  
 Phrase of praise becomes golden lode.

Poet now swills old wine, while tight  
 Optic ogles some damsel chic.  
 Excluded flame, enraged by toad,  
 Suffers slight's chills, mourns fame tonight,  
 Yearns for days when he was poor hick.

—Walter Shedlofsky

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ANAGRAMS

The Dead March in Saul  
 Hear deathland music.

Arcanus, *Complications*, April 3, 1908

The death of Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic  
 Goes, gathering the belief that no Lord comforts us.

C. Saw, *Ardmore Puzzler*, July 27, 1899

A beautiful topical anagram, and one that carries force for all time to come.

Declaration  
 An oral edict.

Helva Goodman, *Enigma*, March 1916

The Declaration of Independence  
 Oh, one clear defiant edict penned.

Amaranth, *In Mystic Mood*, July 1911

The detectives  
 Detect thieves.

Binks, *Eastern Enigma List*, December 1903

Although this anagram lacks in transposal, it is so striking it commands admiration.

Discernment  
 Mind's center.

Spreggs, *Enigma*, May 1915